Tamor. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my ministers along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determined iest,
Yeelde to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou doost, and sweete reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,
Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. What is your will?
Titus. Know you these two?
Pub. The Empresse sonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse sonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

Enter Titus Andronicus
with a

Titus. Come, come *Lauinia*,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let the
But let them heare what feare
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Deme*
Here stands the spring whom
This goodly Sommer with yo
You kild her husband, and fo
Two of her brothers were con
My hand cut off, and made a
Both her sweet hands, her ton
Then hands or tongue, her sp
Inhumaine traytors, you cons
What would you say if I shoul
Villaines for shame you could
Harke wretches how I meane
This one hand yet is left to cu
Whilst that *Lauinia* tweene he
The Bason that receaues your
You know your Mother mean
And calls herselfe Reuenge, a
Harke villaines, I will grinde
And with your blood and it I
And of the paste a coffen I wi
And make two pasties of your
And bid that strumpet your v
Like to the earth swallow her
This is the feast that I haue bi
And this the banquet she shal
For worse then *Philomel* you v
And worse then *Progne* I will

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